



LYRICS
OF THE
MOON

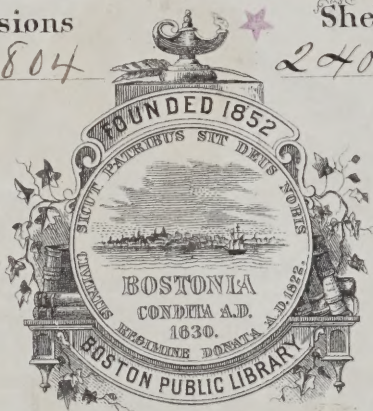
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POEMS OF THE MONTHS



POEMS
AND
DRAWINGS
BY
MARY A. LATHBURY.

NEW YORK.
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LONDON:
BROADWAY LUDGATE HILL



B.H.

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Oct. 15, 1885



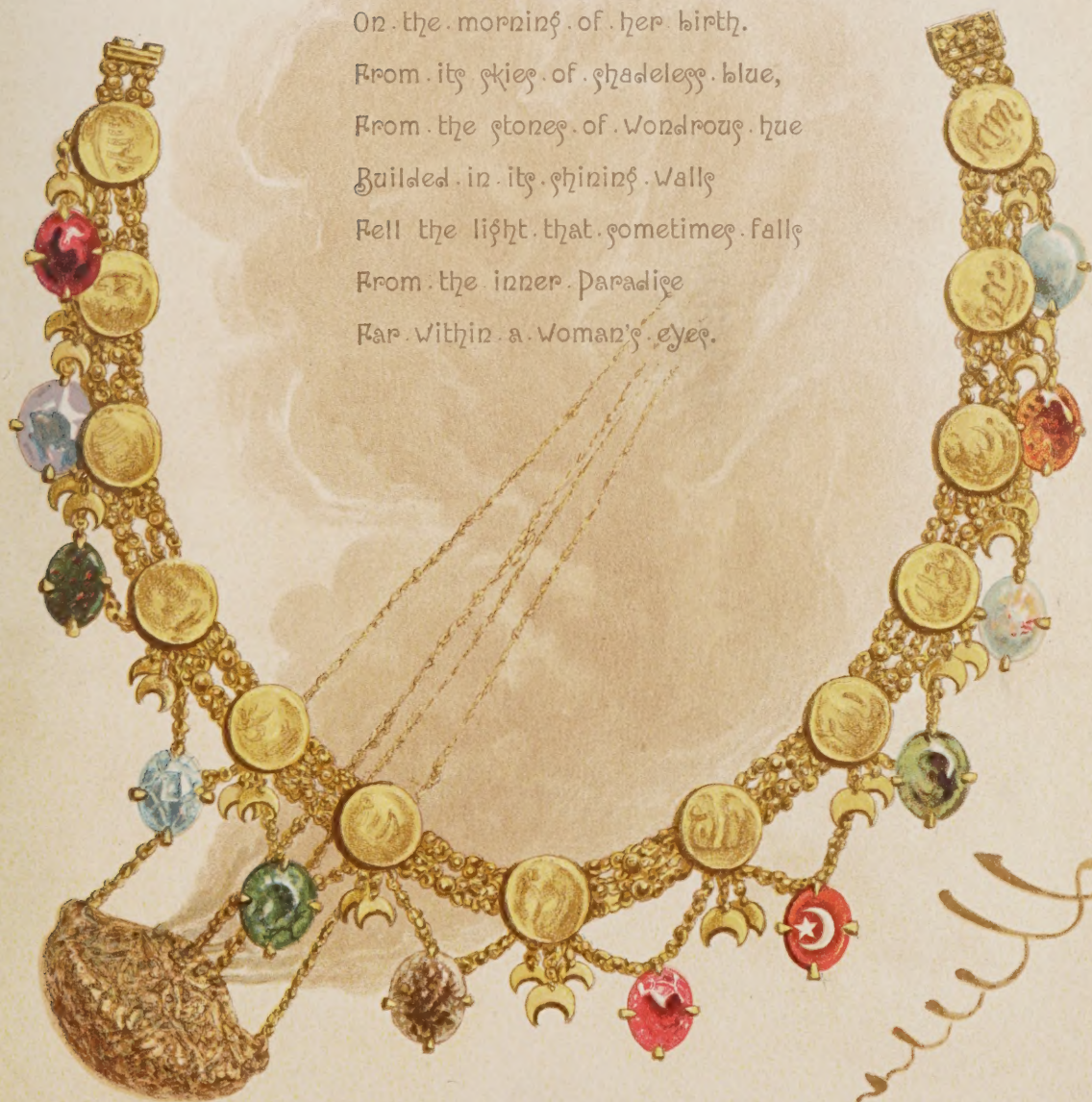
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PARADISE, O Paradise!

Is it in a maiden's eyes?

Yes, for Heaven's sun and dew
Fell in them as she came through,
Borne of Angels to the earth
On the morning of her birth.
From its skies of shadeless blue,
From the stones of wondrous hue
Built in its shining walls
Fell the light that sometimes falls
From the inner Paradise
Far within a woman's eyes.



Thru



IN the developement of the study of Magic, an art descended from the elder Egypt and the Magi—some leading principles were formulated,—as that certain precious stones or metals were the same with certain planets, or certain magic numbers—one “astral” element pervading them all. The result was that upon these gems especially were marked, incantations and the burning of incense, the signs of planets, spirits, names of Gods, &c., and were then considered to be a protection against evil spirits and misfortune, or a charm bringing wealth, friends, and power. At this day, in Poland, the stone that belongs to the month of one’s nativity is held in high esteem as a personal possession, and an Amulet made of the gems of each month is a priceless treasure. So that which is a religious rite among the Arabs becomes a poetic superstition among the Western peoples, to whom it was doubtless brought by the Knights Templars.

But the most that remains to us of the occult philosophies of the East is the spirit of poetry that pervaded them, and which has escaped the decay of magic as the poetic myths of the Greeks have outlived their religion. In the pages that follow I have attempted to recall something of this subtle spirit, which, like a precious stone that holds its own peculiar hue for ages, is all the more beautiful for receiving and reflecting the light of to-day.

New York, March, 1885.

M. J. L.



JANUARY - FAITHFUL, CONSTANT,

TRUE TO ONE -
CLAIMS THE GLEAMING GARNET
AS HER OWN.



J
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Ah, rare, sweet eyes, that grow so grave,
When the Young year comes in!

"Wilt thou keep faith?" she cries, "or be
As other years have been,—

True for a summer day,

False when the skies are gray?"

Oh, rare, true eyes—too true to trust

The young Year's silent smile!

Keep faith,—though all the days be gray,

Keep faith,—keep love the while,

For the true Prince rides this way

In the dawn of a summer day.





F E B R U A R Y



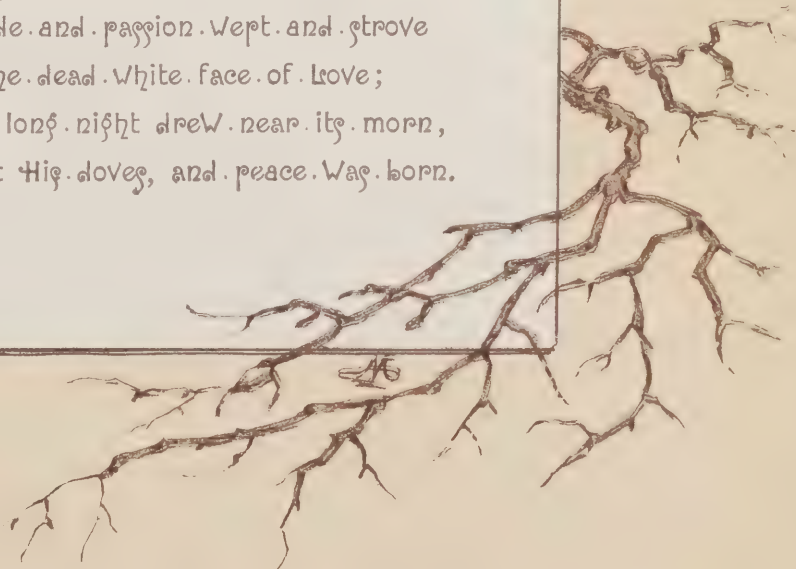
FEBRUARY-FREE FROM PASSION,
CARE AND STRIFE,
IF AN AMETHYST

SHE CHERISH

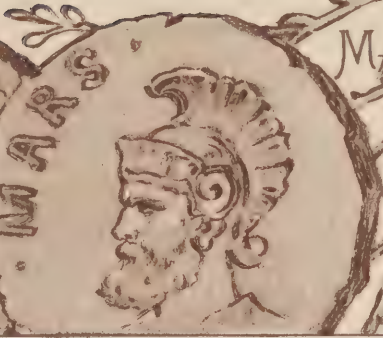
ALL HER
LIFE.

WHAT if the fields are white with snow?
Within her heart the lilies grow;
And the low singing of a psalm
Fills all the listening air with calm;
While doves descending, morn by morn,
Mark the low room where peace was born.

Once on a fateful time there rose
A tempest where the lily grows,
And pride and passion wept and strove
Above the dead white face of love;
But the long night drew near its morn,
God sent His doves, and peace was born.







MARCH—SO STRONG, AND
 WISE, AND WILLFUL,
 FIRM AND BRAVE—
 WEARS A BLOODSTONE

THROUGH ALL
 DANGER
 TO HER
 GRAVE.

As wild and willful as the wind,
 Yet wise in all her daring,
 I mark her many moods, yet sigh
 For the wild rose she was wearing
 When first I saw her, stooping o'er
 A wounded robin near her door.

I love her in her queenly moods;
 I love the graceful daring,—
 The free, unconscious poise—but O
 For the wild rose she was wearing,
 Which, in its tender, dewy grace,
 Was like another flower—her face.

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APRIL-INNOCENT, REPENTANT -

(SUN AND SHOWER)

WEARS A DIAMOND, OR

A SAPPHIRE

AS HER

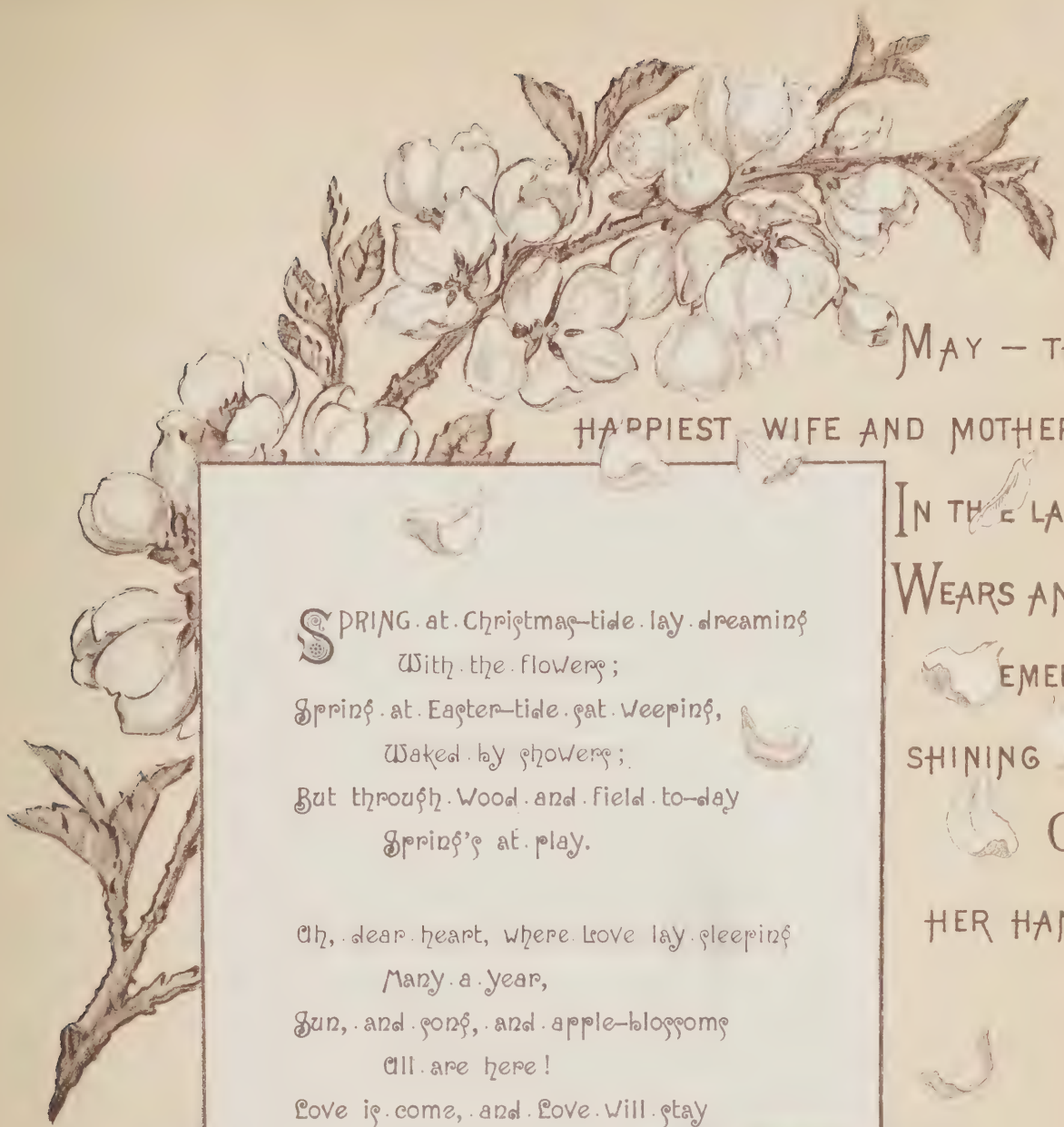
DOWER.

SKIES of April, dashed with rain,
Are those sunny eyes again,
Clouding with a vain regret,
Shining—showering—dewy wet,
Olas, and alas!—we say—
Love is an April day!

Though she lean in twain with tears
His unworthy doubts and fears,
Love and trust will come again
Like the sunshine after rain.
Love—though on April day—
Grinseth the bloom of May.







MAY — THE
HAPPIEST WIFE AND MOTHER

IN THE LAND —
WEARS AN
EMERALD
SHINING
ON
HER HAND.

SPRING at Christmas-tide lay dreaming
With the flowers;
Spring at Easter-tide sat weeping,
Waked by showers;
But through wood and field to-day
Spring's at play.

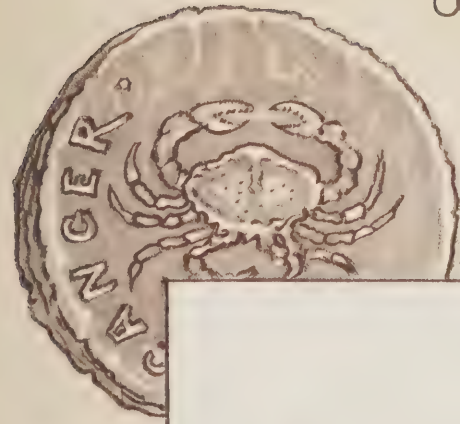
Oh, dear heart, where love lay sleeping
Many a year,
Sun, and song, and apple-blossoms
All are here!
Love is come, and love will stay
Many a May!

M
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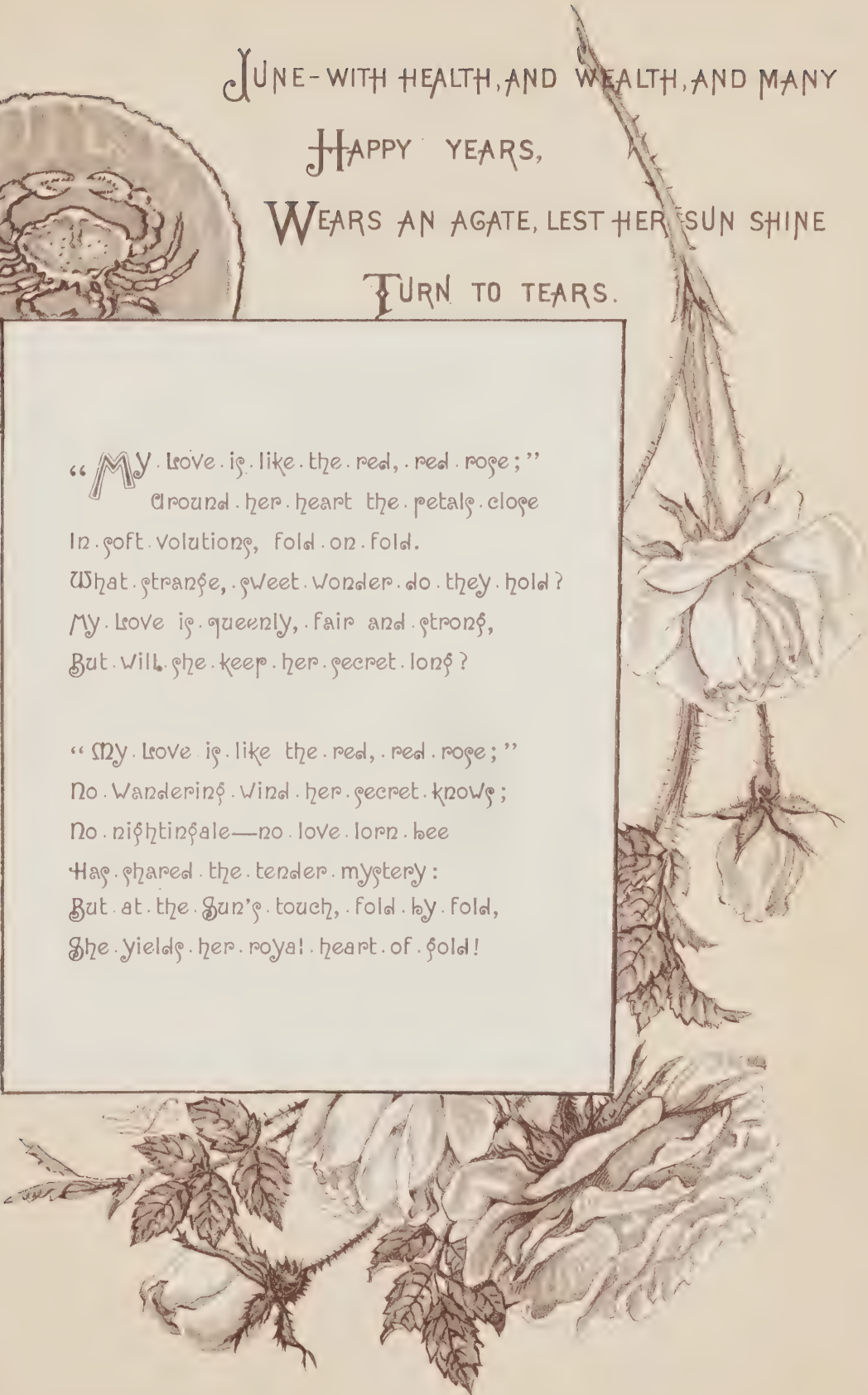
JUNE—WITH HEALTH, AND WEALTH, AND MANY
HAPPY YEARS,
WEARS AN AGATE, LEST HER SUN SHINE
TURN TO TEARS.



J
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“MY love is like the red, red rose;”
Around her heart the petals close
In soft volutions, fold on fold.
What strange, sweet wonder do they hold?
My love is queenly, fair and strong,
But will she keep her secret long?

“My love is like the red, red rose;”
No wandering wind her secret knows;
No nightingale—no love-lorn bee
Has shared the tender mystery:
But at the sun’s touch, fold by fold,
She yields her royal heart of gold!





JULY-LOVING, DOUBTING-ONLY

FINDS HER REST

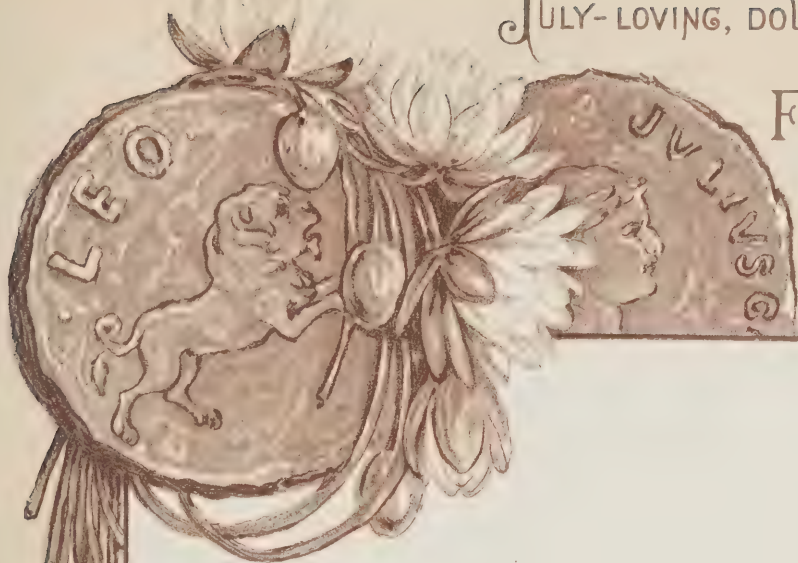
WITH A RUBY

GLOWING

ON HER

BREAST.

J
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A Royal rose fell down at her feet
On a day in June.

"If Heaven rain roses," (with laughter sweet)
I shall wed me soon!"

Later she cried, "It has pierced me sore!
Roses and lovers I trust no more."

The rose is dead, but the poppies glow
In a midsummer dream;

The languid lotus rocks to and fro
In the sleeping stream:

God's visions wait for the eyes that weep;
To his beloved He giveth sleep.





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AUGUST-LOVING ONCE

AND ALWAYS -

WEARS-IF WISE -

SARDONYX, AND HER

HOME

BECOMES A

PARADISE.

When May was white with apple-blossoms,
She heard a robin sing,
"The spring is sweet with promises,
But O for the ripening
Of the red wine in the cherry's
heart,
The gold that the apples bring!"

"The red wine and the gold of
love
Are mine," I hear her say;
"And still the orchard boughs
bloom on.
And life is sweet with May;
For love lives on for me and
mine
Forever and a day!"





CHRYSLITE ON SWEET SEPTEMBER'S
BROW WE BIND,

LEST SOME FOLLY OR
ENCHANTMENT
CLOUD
HER
MIND.

"SO fair - so fair!" her lovers say;
Her friends,—"So true and loving!"
But like a wandering butterfly,
Through field and forest roaming,
Her merry fancy comes and goes
With every willful wind that blows.

She winds her jewels round and round
Her pretty head with sighing,—
"If I were wise, and strong, and good—
But there's no use in trying!"
Ah, more than wise and strong is she
In love's divine simplicity!



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OCTOBER



“Leaves of Autumn, loose your hold;
Nature's heart is growing cold
'Neath her royal red and fold.

Flame must turn to ashen gray;
Leaves and hopes must drift away:
We have had our summer day!”

Go she mused till sweet and strong
Rose the voice of Hope in song:—
“Life is love and love is long!

Love may sleep and leaves may fall,
But God's Easter comes to all.—
Love shall waken at His call.”



At

FAIR
OCTOBER

WEARS THE OPALS'
FROST AND FIRE,
HOPE AND COURAGE
IN MISFORTUNE
TO INSPIRE.





FIRM IN FRIENDSHIP IS NOVEMBER,

AND SHE BEARS

LOYAL LOVE BENEATH

THE TOPAZ

THAT SHE

WEARS.

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TWO eyes. With constant question full,
Beseeching—deep. With tender grace,
In silence follow where she moves,
And seek an answer in her face.
The home feast waits; what simple art
Shall veil, and still reveal her heart?

“To say him yea. With eyes or lips
I cannot now,”—she softly said;
“To say him nay”—’t were false!—but see,
These flowers shall stand my heart instead.
Dear violets. With eyes of blue,
Tell him I love him—
love him true!





FRIENDS AND LOVERS FOR
DECEMBER,
FORTUNE - FAME,
IF AN AMULET OF

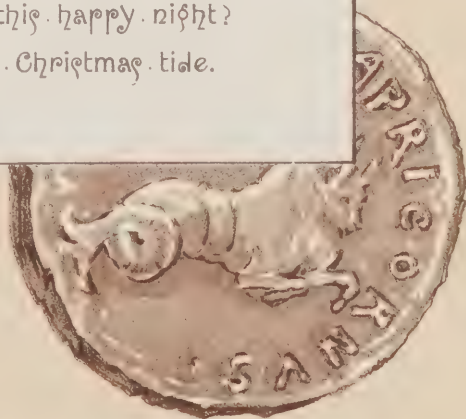
TURQUOISE
BEAR HER
NAME.



She stands where
childhood's feet have found
the woman's kingdom.

opening wide,
Her soul—rapt in a sweet surprise,
Looks out through timid happy eyes,
And greets the world at Christmas tide.

And will she miss the Holy Star?
Shall lovers, fortune, friends untried—
A round horizon of delight—
Shut close—too close this happy night?
Ah, life is sweet at Christmas tide.



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[Oct. 1884, 20,000]

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